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Cover Top: Tony Hawk, rising amateur star, during one of his typically bizzare re-entries at Del Mar. Photo Rex Marechal.

Bottom: John Hutson leads Paco Prieto to the finish at Capitola. Photo Dick Noll.

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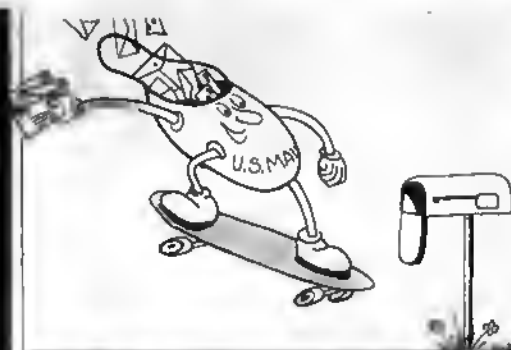
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MAIL DROP

STILL WORKIN' ON IT.....

There will be a delay of a few months until you will have some coverage of a new field of skateboarding that I am working on. This is because there are invariably physical and even psychological barriers that have to be slowly but surely taken away when it comes to introducing something never done before. I am not working on "new moves". I am working on a totally radical new field of skating that totally fits the style of your mag. Keep up the greatest work.

Radically,
Scott Edwards
Out There, U.S.

We give up Scott, what is this new and radical field you speak of. We can't wait, send photos.

—ED—

NOTHING BUT...

I think your mag is hottest and I'm glad skateboarders finally have our own mag to read. Although the photos are black and white, it's a lot hotter than "other mags". By the way, how about some skateboard trading cards like some other sports have. Don't stop printing the great mag and don't put anything in but SKATEBOARDS okay, Good Luck.

P.S. How about a Thrasher calendar?
Mike Khuu
Salt Lake City, Utah

GENTLEMEN:

Your magazine is hot! A couple of friends and myself have a 16 foot wide halfpipe that we built together—it is hot!

Thanks for the tips on ramp building. Our ramp was completed with Thrasher's help and it came out great. There were some kids who came from other towns and they said it was a waste of money. We all enjoy the ramp every day thanks to your help.

Keep up the great work.

Carl Sulsenti
Seaside Heights, New Jersey
P.S. Easterners Rip Too!

UNEQUALLED COVERAGE

Your mag is great! The East Coast coverage you do is unequalled by all. Show more community skateparks and local skate scenes like Berkeley, that was great seeing the everyday skate experience again. Me and the Kingsport boys are ripping our 1/2 pipe and the pipe we recently found. Why not have an article on Skatopark Marina del Rey since it about the biggest, best park since the death of Cherry Hill (keep ripping up there anyway). I've said enough, see y'all around!

Keep Shredding,
Keith Spadafino
Kingsport, Tennessee
P.S. Getaway is a rad park.

You're right Keith, Getaway is a rad park. On a sadder note, Marina del Rey has been closed and dozed.

—ED—

OH! O.K....

Hey! You think you're tough? Ha! We in Oak Ridge are just too rowdy. Why, who else do you know who can get arrested for mall terrorizing? Or get kicked out of a National Park for doing 50 MPH standup downhill and wiping out. Of course I would have made it if Barney hadn't parked right in my lane. But that's not even fast, according to our cars speedometer we did a 60 laydown. We could go faster but our equipment is slowing us down. That's not all, we've got two excellent half-pipes and a keyhole. We've also got two mediocre parks (closed). So if any of you high powered companies would like to sponsor us we would appreciate it because our boards are being held for evidence.

Eric Hall
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

You guys are pretty harsh.

—ED—

WORTH READING

I would like to say that your mag is the only skate mag worth reading and looking at. I live in San Mateo and the skate scene is doing pretty well. We got a hot spillway that is about 80 yards long with 20 feet of flat bottom and it goes down hill. We got a bio halfpipe, 8' flat bottom, 12' wide, 10' high, 1 1/2' feet of vertical. We got about 3 or 4 ramps we shred daily. Keep up the good work.

P.S. How about an interview with T.S.O.L.

Robby Moody
San Mateo, CA
I believe that ditch has 40 feet of flat bottom

—ED—



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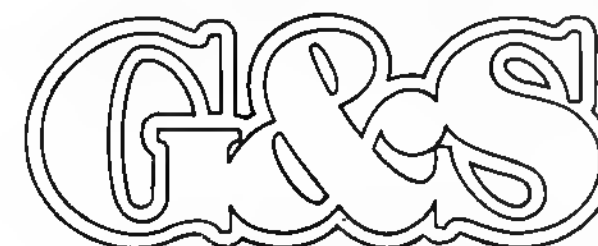
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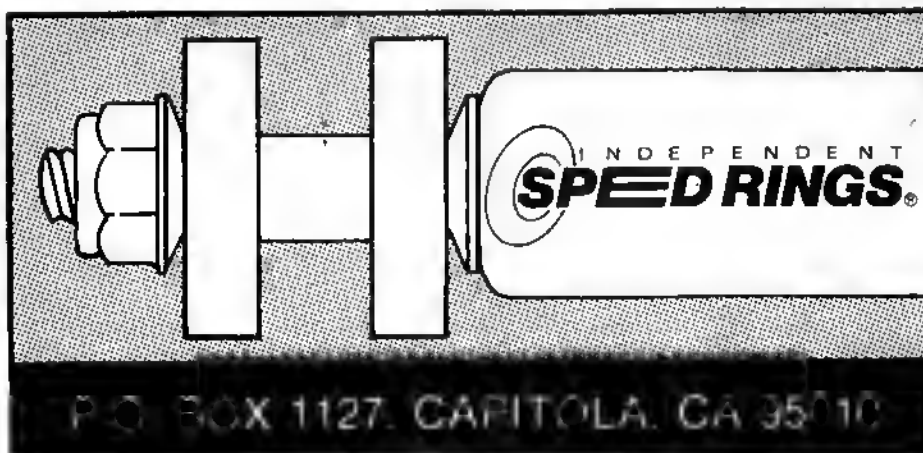
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LIKE SON, LIKE FATHER

I recently got some current issues of your mag and I dig 'em. Except the Wild Riders of Boardz, it stinks. Keep up the good work.

I skate everyday and will forever! We don't have any ramps or nearby parks but we ride the streets and some D.K. banks. And my father and I are searching for ditches and pools.

Colin McKinney
Munster, Indiana

AND MY BOSS SAYS...

Hey Thrasher Staff. I'm writing once again. How you dudes been? I'm doing great. I'm close to finishing my half-pipe. When I'm finished and shredding I'll send photos and a write up. Well back to what I wrote about. My subscription is running out, so I'll subscribe once again. So enclosed is \$10.00 for a full year subscription. Hey I just received my first and last back issue, the Pipeline Finals. That's a great issue. It prompted me to scout the nearby surroundings of my summer job in Atlanta. Get this, I'm sitting there on the job reading my back issue and my boss says, "I know where there's a big pipe like that". I say "really, where?" He tells me. I'm going to check it out soon. How's that for easy Top Secret gain? Just thought I'd pass on my latest gigs. Maybe another write up will be at hand.

Later,
Mike Harrington
Alpharetta, Georgia

P.A. Bowman shreds, Lamar shreds, lets see some coverage.

P.S.S. I saw Variflex and Mike Smith in Huntsville, Alabama. They shred also.

THEY TALK PREPPIE...

Your mag is way rad. No bikes, go carts, etc. And you guys really know how to write an article. Not like 'other magazines', where you can't understand them. They talk so preppie. Here on Long Island the skating scene is still alive, at least for me and my friends. We skate my halfpipe daily. I have it wired, and can pull such maneuvers as fakie airs, layback airs, Indyairs, transfers, etc. The ramps great. I want it to be known that New Yorkers blaze ramps just as much as the streets.

P.S. I'll be sending photos soon, we're Clash City Rockers.

Joe Mannix
Long Island, New York

EAST COAST STOKES

I'm writing to tell you where skateboarding is at! Riverdale is constantly bombarded by five serious and modern boarders. By modern I mean imaginative street riders. Rolling off of 4' walls, boardsliding on painted curbs, executing air-related maneuvers in a reservoir and freestyl-ing in parking lots are all common in these areas. With our good luck, we also have Crofton Skatepark. It has a deep capsule pool, a kidney pool, an oval bowl, a half-pipe and freestyle bands. I just hope they don't close down.

I heard that Cherry Hill closed down, but I'm sure that the skaters there won't quit. They'll probably build ramps or ride the street. They just can't remove skateboarding from their minds.

Ocean City, Maryland is also a gathering place for skateboarders. The Ocean Bowl is still operating. Also Rolling Surf Skatepark operates, but in a different way. Rolling Surf closed down, then left their ramps in a lot. So now the skaters ride there for free.

I am amazed at Thrashers' enthusiasm for skateboarding. Some people will admit that skating is dead just because they don't see it in front of their eyes. But you all, you look for it. I know that many areas in the East Coast are still into skateboarding. Going down to ocean City, MD is the full proof. I met people from New York, Virginia, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and even Ocean City locals. Yeah, they all know about Thrasher! I would send photos with this letter but all of our pictures are colored. (I'll try to get some black and white soon) We also made our own little magazine form the editorial advice in your June issue. (I'll try to send a copy your way!).

Well I would try to give some advice on how to improve your magazine but I might ruin future plans. So you all just keep on doing what you're doing because it's working.

Sincerely,
Tony Albano
Riverdale, Maryland

Promises, promises, let's see action.
Send in. Remember, by skaters for skaters and all about skateboarding...

—ED—

NOT DEAD...

Canada is not dead as far as skating is concerned. Me and my friends are heavily into street and bowl skating. Street during the week



John Hodges

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and bowl on the weekends or whenever we score a ride. Our local park which isn't that local (30 miles away) is kinda lame, but we make due with what we have. You rule.

Stay Stoked,
Kevin McMahan
a.k.a. Ratstink of the Taco Brigaders.
St Albert, Canada

quarter-pipe too but the city towed it away. The street scene isn't bad but we've only got a couple of banks and not a lot of other places to skate. Might send some pix later.

Mike Penner
Ontario, Canada

Go ahead, gamble a stamp and tell us where you're at. Tell us where skateboarding is at! Send newsworthy items and related black-and-white photos to: THRASHER, P.O. Box 24592, San Francisco, CA 94124.

The skate scene here isn't too good but I am surviving. There's only about 6 people in my city that still skate. There is a park in Toronto (1 1/2 hours away) but it's full of kinks. I've got a 16 1/2' diameter half-pipe. It's not bad but it's kind of tight. We had a

TALKING ED

TIME FOR A CHANGE

We've grown, but we've shrunk. I mean we're bigger now, but smaller. I mean we've expanded, but contracted. What I'm trying to say is welcome to the 'new' Thrasher Magazine. If you haven't already seen us before you've been missing out on the hottest skateboard coverage around. If you are a regular reader then you may have already noticed our new trim size and the 20 extra pages inside. Surprised? You should be since we never formally announced this new change. But that's just part of our commitment to bringing you all the radical action, new trends and hot photos you can handle each month. And all this for the same price you paid for the first issue way back in January. That is, if you paid for it.

Thrashers' involvement in skateboarding is unsurpassed and will remain so as we expand our staff, add new features, upgrade our quality and dare I say, begin featuring full color photos.

But, before I move too fast let me extend thank-yous to everyone who has written or called in, to our subscribers and advertisers, and to the people who have made this thing happen over the last year (photogs, writers, you know who you are). Keep in touch. Write in with your compliments, comments and criticisms. If you think the mag sucks then say so, at least we'll know you're reading it every month. If you don't like the way a story is written, tell us about it.

Maybe you can do better. Or, if you don't think your area gets enough coverage, well, put together an article and send it in. You probably know by now that we will print almost anything that has to do with skateboarding and it's practitioners.

So let's roll together. Remember, every skateboarder acts as a salesman for the sport, it that's what you want to call it, and no matter where you skate, how you skate, or what you skate. Thrasher will be behind you.

Kevin J. Thatcher



Skatologist Rick Blackhart and Editor K.T. explore and record data deep inside the "Glory Hole".

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SHOWCASE



Item: G&S sidecut—G&S 50-50 wheels & Independent 169's
The beach. The place for reflection and carefree relaxation. This is what you get when out styling and skating on the Sidecut by G&S.

This board has many functionable factors about it. The sidecut is in just the right place so as to give good foot placement and take off unneeded extra weight. But it is not too much to take away from the strength.

The average weight of the board runs between 2 and 2 3/4 pounds, allowing for smooth, effortless skating. The decks surface is a gradual tapered roll style of concave design, with the distance from the deck to rail at 5/16".

The kicktail is a pleasing 16 degrees, just enough for your foot to feel it with necessary leverage capacities.

For maximum riding potential G&S recommends G&S 50-50 wheels. A two-tone lathe cut wheel (one of the only companies to still machine their wheels to their specs) that give off a gyroscopic visual effect when spinning. The wheels are 94-95A Durometer, 64mm diameter and a 55mm width. Here we have the wheels mounted on Independent 169's with Grindmasters. A truck with good stability without losing its turning capabilities.

The G&S Sidecut is great for skating your local skate spots while still having the capabilities of taking you to and fro through your necessary wanderings. The white color and good graphics look sharp and make you look sharp while doing what you do best.



Item: Tracker 777 concave-Tracker Sixtrack-Alva Wheels.

Tracker Designs have been mainly known for their high quality line of skateboard trucks. Now they are offering a new concave board. The 777 design is 30 5/8" or, 777mm long and 266mm or, 10 1/2" wide. The concave is 5 degrees, a bit steeper than most concaves but super effective for easy turning plus enough wheel clearance in the front so as to eliminate the need for wheel wells. Thus the only wheel wells are in the rear, where they are needed.

The kicktail is a steeper 18 degrees making the board workable at a whim. For its size, the 777 is extremely lightweight, weighing in at 55 ounces. The 777 comes in many colors and is predrilled for the ultimate truck placement for its design.

Tracker Designs suggests mounting their boards with Tracker Sixtracks. The Sixtracks are basically a vertical truck with a weight of 13.8 ounce Alum. and 11 ounce Magnesium. Tracker offers several different bushings to help conform to ones riding style. Alva wheels, a sort of hard to find item, have proven to be a really good all around wheel. Our riders confirmed that the wheels shredded in the pools as well as in basic transportation situations.

To protect the trucks and all other grinding surfaces, Tracker Designs offers Copers. A form fitting, unbreakable injection mold with a sure fastening system for vibration proof, long lasting truck protection. Available in four sizes.



A general guide to the latest in skatedecks and accessories



Item: ZORLAC double cut concave-Gullwing 6".
Powell/Peralta Street-Bones

It's nice sometimes to be able to have an all around vehicle that you can do almost anything with. Such is the case with this prototype for a new board from ZORLAC.

This soon to be released item is a double-cut concave. It is constructed of 7 ply maple which gives you that added strength needed for doing those pool slamming maneuvers.

The 3 degree concave and the shape of the rails at this portion of the board allow for easy quick turning with minimal foot adjustment. The 12 degree kicktail is wide enough for good foot placement while allowing ample room for foot movement.

We have put on Powell/Peralta Street-Bones and came upon a curious revelation. The Street-Bones, a 78 durometer wheel, is designed generally for street use, with fine performance on rough surfaces. But we found that they also perform fairly well in the pool confines.

With mounting gear from Gullwing you have a very versatile vehicle. The Gullwing 6" truck gives you a lot of grinding surface plus good stability for those hair-ball situations.

Mixing components adds virtue and originality to the skater of today. With the right equipment for your particular style, we'll help you progress more with your skating by showing you good, all around skateboard set ups.



Item: Powell/Peralta General Issue-Tracker Magnesium Fulltracks-Powell/Peralta Street Cubics

When out on the streets all day on a long hot one, it's kinda tough on the old body to lug around an extra board, or push around a big pool board. So if street skating and freestyle is your bag, then the General Issue from Powell/Peralta would be the board for you.

Designed with the trick skater in mind, the General Issue hails to be the 'Jack of all Trades...' skateboard. With basically a straight rail design (8" at it's widest point and 6 1/2" at the tail) the board is a very versatile street and freestyle vehicle. The General Issue weighs under 3 pounds and is easily adaptable to banks, streets, etc.

Here we have mounted Powell/Peralta Street Cubics and Tracker Designs Magnesium Fulltracks. The Street Cubics are a very fine wheel with excellent 'break loose' qualities and traction where needed. Street cubics are 88 durometer and very lightweight.

Magnesium Fulltracks round out the whole lightweight combination. The trucks make ollies effortless along with kickflips and various other freestyle moves.

With a set up like this you can street skate in style and freestyle with class. Bomb graphics and assorted bright colors make for you looking FLASH.



POOL

by Morizen Foche



Billy Ruff rod'n'roll slides into first in the pool and first overall.



Mike Smith twisted and contorted as the fans cheered him into 3rd place.

Yes skatedogs, it's contest reporting time once again. I've been called upon to cover a contest down in beautiful Del Mar. "The Editor" informed me that it would be a pool and banked freestyle type of competition put on by TRACKER and DEL MAR SKATE RANCH. It was slated for the 15th and 16th of August. That gives me just two days to find a way to get down there (I love to plan ahead).

I called one of my friends in Santa Cruz, to see if he was going to make the trek, but he said that he had a big money making deal in the works and was unable to get away for the weekend. **BAD LUCK!!** But in my course of trying to get off the line he told me that when he was young, he used to ride the rails with all the degenerated, stanky hobos and yard bulls. It sounded pretty fun and cheap but I just couldn't see lowering myself that much.

I optioned for the Greyhound Bus mode of transpo, which probably isn't a big step above riding the rails, but at least it's a helluva lot safer.

The first part of the trip was mellow, but at the first stop, a stinky old man sat next to me because of the lack of seats. I knew then and there that I was done for. He immediately fell asleep and began to snore with intense ferocity. (A quick elbow to the throat soon cured this), while emitting a rancid, stale cornflake breath that permeated the compartment. I removed the ticket from his breast pocket for close examination of his eventual destination. **SAN DIEGO.** Damn, he's taking this puppy all the way. This won't do. I could never handle this past L.A. So, about halfway down the state, I awoke him at the next stop and said, "HURRY UP STINKY OLD MAN, you're gonna miss your stop."

Thanking me he balled and I was saved, but not for long. As soon as the codger stepped off, a wretched old hag stepped on and occupied the spot that had been just made vacant. She (It) had a patch over one eye and two teeth in her gaping oral orifice, so ugly that the Greyhound dog painted on the side of the bus got off and ran. I forced myself into slumber.

The bus arrived 45 minutes early so I had a little time to screw around before my scheduled pickup was due. Feeling pretty tired from the bus trek, I downed a couple cups of coffee for pep. It didn't work. Scouting around the area I spied a topless **GO—GO** bar, entered, and slugged down a few shots of schnapps. That did the trick.



Steve Caballero, a force to be reckoned with, frontside footplant re-entry.

August 14th. I was a day early so I decided to go and check out the practice sessions at the skatepark to see who would be prevalent in the contest and what notables would be present in the festivities. I never made it. I got as far as across the street from the skatepark, where the horse races were going on. Deciding to try my luck (which could only get better) I laid down all of my expense money (20 bucks) on a horse named 'Fred'. 20-1 odds and 'Fred' won. I was rolling in the bucks and knew this was going to be a good weekend.

Saturday, August 15th, 1981. I arrived early in the mid-morning full of maximum gonzo gusto. My first contact with the in crowd came on my approach to the entrance. Stacy Peralta. He inquired about how I could have such a cool belt buckle and how he too, could be "Too cool".

After a few unembarrassing incidents I went out to breakfast at a creepy looking dive that was fixtured inside an old cattle car. 'Huevos Rancheritos' was recommended. They had to be kidding. I found it hard to believe that 'peoples' actually ate this stuff.

Midway through my hack I walked Chris Stople, Sonny Miller, Ray

'Bones', Shogo and some other guy. They ordered likewise. I was going to warn them, but, I thought it would be interesting to see a handful of notables walking around with the same twisted expression on their faces on this first day of competition.

This is the day where the skaters would find out who would be seeded in the semi-finals. The amateurs were first to take the center ring. they comprised a big field of about 40 (give or take) acrobatic skateboarders on this sun drenched afternoon. Most all of the skaters proved to be stiff competition. Some standouts that I noticed while I was paying attention were Christian Hosoi, with his lofty lean air (or however it is spelled) and satin smooth syle. Tony Hawk (Mr. Pint, someone called him from the stands), fear-tear. He should apply for a pilot's license for the amount of flying time he logged in this contest. His maneuvers, that were boggles of my mind, pleased the crowd and the judges, getting him seated in the Semi's. Tony Magnusson, from Sweden, definately caught the crowds eye with his half-pipe approach to pool riding. Lance Mountain, Carabeth Burnside, Brad Jackman, Paul Molina and a host of others

weren't slouch's either in their performances to say the least.

D.D.M. put on quite an exceptional performance in his vocal postion, hitting every highlight mark with gleeful frivolity, making this contest as colorful as possible.

The judges for this thing were drawn from skateboard history. Curtis Hesselgrave, the doctor from the old SKATEBOARDER magazine. Curt Kimble, just recently married veteran of the Badlands. Chris Stople, another Badlands vet transplanting himself constantly but now residing in the North County. Yet another Badiander in the judging, Don Hoffman, the Don of his neighborhood. The judges were rounded off with the honorable presence of Shogo Kubo, early Dogtown settler and practitioner.

The amateurs got the luxury of being cut to the top sixteen as opposed to being narrowed to the top eight as the Pro's were to be. It was a very cool run-off situation, making the skaters skate, 'man-to-man', with the losers going to the losers bracket, and the winners doing the same, only reversing the process and stepping up a notch in the winners bracket. Everyone skated tough and nobody made it easy for the qualifiers to qualify.

By about the time the Pro's got around to skating, the sun was being its old unrelentful self. So far it had been a hot day and the brewskis constantly flowed my way. I sweated alot and I felt like a fish. The fishy smell and sweaty heat seemingly had no affect on the Pro poolriders (I guess they're quite used to the smell of three days dead mackarel on the pier), who blazed and tore their way through the gonzo qualifying session. Mike Folmer, Steve Caballero, Duane Peters, Al Losi, Billy Ruff and some other guys were the top dudes that bombed and shattered the serenity of the pool's dimensions.

The traditional bombardment of the pool by the heavyweight skate-mongers made it hard to tell who would be the eventual victors, let alone the qualifiers, until the dust had settled.

Next on the agenda for the day was the banked freestyle portion of the contest. This I found to be very entertaining. There were many poolriders out there strutting their stuff in divine style. In the amateurs, Brian Martin, a young man from somewhere around Long Beach (I think), had an excellent repertoire of maneuvers and riding vehicles. One outstanding highlight of his routine that I remember best is his 8-wheeler kickflip move. Killer. That move

eventually won it for him, taking first in the AM freestyle.

The runs were limited to one run each for qualifying. One, two minute run. This, I heard some of the skaters mention, was too long. I figured that it gave them a good chance to cram as many little tricks into the allotted time, not to mention, all of the time they had to get back on the board once they fell off. John Gibson, the Texas skatepoke, usually more renowned as a pool shredder, sliced the cool Lone Star freestyle routine that vibrated with aggressiveness. I was stoked, and so was the crowd.

The aforementioned Tony Hawk, was highly aggressive and unified with his skate consciousness. He performed brilliantly and locked a spot in the finals. Christian Hosoi, was also styling heavilly, ripply-rlp.

Under the protection of the palm leaves, the judges evaded Mr. Sol, our mentor of the daylight hours. Scrutinizing and judging, judging and scrutinizing. The peers from that section made me aware that the outcome would be close. I was right.

The pros took to the freestyle area. Low and behold and what do my S.B.B. eyes observe? Some Oldtimers. Yes sports-fans, some of the big names of the past when skateboarding was in it's reinception period back in the '76 era. Bruce Logan, the

harshly fluid and precise freestyle king, who set the trend that others would follow in the years of his reign.

His routine sent many people back to the days of the pointed toe, red-face maneuver. Excellent form with the eminence of a cobra with a cause. His mood music for the routine repelled sadness and reached out for joy in the form of Bob Marley tone. It is sort of like watching the Red Baron fly a jet. I was informed that this was his first competition in about four years. He sure wasn't making a bad show of it.

A leader usually leads and nothing else. Sort of like the 'Don't do as I do, Do as I say', type of concept. Not true with the leader of the 'Bones Brigade'. Stacy Peralta, back in the center ring with full potency, setting the high standards for his subordinates to follow. He skated to the blues. Smooth skate licks for the cool set.

New faces pop up in the freestyle scene from time to time. But one surprise was to see Steve Caballero's mug in there. He put up quite a display along with other pool pals, Billy Ruff and Mike Folmer.

Somewhere in the midst of all of those happenings, was a little roller-skate demo. I got to see a few riders ride, but then I also saw some pump-shank out in the parking lot. I decided



On the second day, the crowd focused. Rick Tracey in the middle of it all.



that it was my duty to go and inspect the pumpshank for certified tenderness and check her oil).

I was getting hungry and I felt like eating pizza. The first pizza I saw looked like it was just craving for me to sink my teeth into it. I was right. Pizza is the coolest (for those days you can't decide what to buy or beg to eat) because you can get so much stuff on it and it is way easier to get sick off of on those long hot days.

The clock on the wrist of the pumpshank said 5:00. The first part of the contest was now over. I was tired and it looked like almost everybody else felt the same. I retired to my guest house in hopes of good rest and relaxation.

6:00 Sunday morning. I had two hours of sleep, preceded by 8 hours of fiesta. I now know the real definition of 'Tequila Sunrise'. Painful retribution for uncontrolled consumption. I decide that the right thing to do is to go for a quick, shock treatment type of dive into the swimming pool outside my door. Instant Death. The formula for effective operating procedure.

7:30. I'm standing in front of the park. The morning quiet prevailed. There was hardly any sound other than the occasional thrash and slam of boards as the riders practiced for the finals.

It would be an hour or so before anything would start happening so I donned my C.H.P. Interceptors and stood against a wall in mute, false consciousness.

8:00. I was quickly awakened by the sound of carbonated gas escaping from an 'All Minors Prohibited Bottle'. The cap was turned. Sweet essence of barley. Thoroughly aroused, I slithered into the skatepark confines only to find that the Amateur freestyle was just about to get under way. Time to clock in.

The ten qualifiers for this part of the foray were quite a surprising lot. In the scheme of things were, Bob Serafin, Christian Hosoi, Paul Hinker, Tony Hawk, Mike Mills, Todd Joseph, Brian Martin, Lance Betson, Sonny Miller and John Gibson.

The contingents were pepped up and wild in the blood. This I could easily tell by the expressions they made when they cranked off tricks by trick, flip after flip. Looking quite flash and earning trophies were Brian Martin at number one, Lance Betson at number two and John Gibson at number three.

*"The European cannon is here."
Swedens' Tony magnusson in
mid-fakie switch stance. —MOFO*

The ten Pro qualifiers (all of the entrants here at the place just beyond the place where the surf meets the turf) in this Professional portion of the freestyle escapade were the blue-bloods of skate royalty. Bill Ruff, Al Losi, Duane Peters, Steve Rocco, Neil Blender, Bruce Logan, Eric Grisham, Stacy Peralta, Steve Caballero and Mike Folmer.

The majority of the entrants were of the 'Pool Wars' veteran types and approached the freestyle as such, incorporating pool moves into their freestyle routine. Footplants off of near horizontal, handplants on the apex and Eric Grishams', funky but chic, rude but not rude, El Rollo neck plants. Rocco was really fast and likable. Duane Peters did something, Bill Ruff went unignored along with Bruce Logan, Mike Folmer and Steve Caballero. I almost cried during the 'Stacy sings the Blues' portion of the show. It was beautiful. Enough to land him second, right behind Rocco and right in front of Folmer. Bruce Logan fell into the fourth place spot and Bill Ruff captured number five.

Time was sure going by really fast and I was hoping that this could drag out a little longer because it is all so much wonderful fun.

The transition period between the freestyle and the pool finale was to take about an hour, giving types a chance to seek food and scams. I was recreating in the parking lot and enjoying refreshments when Dennis Martinez, an unparticipating Pro, informed me that someone of high stature was running around, accusing me of impersonating myself. I immediately changed my whole attitude and fooled everybody that was on the lookout for me.

After about twenty minutes of evasive tactics, I slithered back into the park and mingled in with the crowd, becoming invisible, just as D. David announced the beginning of the Amateur pool finals.

New heights were being reached, as many people witnessed Christian Hosoi's, 'Neli spelled backwards', air. Bob Serafin's devil may care skate consciousness. Lester Kasal's lengthy and noisy rock'n'roll sliders. Tony Magnusson's cracked purple helmet. Brad Jeckmann's pliner model. John Gibson's lacking accent. Paul Molina's tan. Mark Rogowski's hair. Tony Hawk's weight; oh I could go on and on, but I won't.

Being this wasn't a championship type of a contest, I deemed it wasn't necessary for me to record down the scores of the individuals concerned because it is a situation of whoever wins, wins. There are no two ways about it. Besides, I lost the sheet that I recorded all of the scores on anyway so I need some sort of a valid



Christian Hosoi was the most volatile skater in the Amateurs. In flight to first.



FREESTYLE

excuse to shade my mindlessness. On with the show!

What was to come down, was one of the most intense get down sessions ever witnessed by the common spectator. Through incredible leaps and bounds, the young men flew through the air, resembling nuclear projectiles enroute to their destination. The sixteen qualifiers were slowly but methodically cut down to eight finalists. A lot of sweat and, yes, even a little blood have gone into making it this far in the proceedings. Yes indeed, it isn't just luck that carries you this far in this kind of competition, although I could be wrong., I believe the finalists were, Serafin, Gibson, Magnusson, Hosoi, Mountain, Rogowski, Kasal, and Hawk. And in that order. Hosoi went straight through the competitors like a knife, slicing and slashing the higher altitudes in the immediate environment surrounding the skating arena. Magnusson, although losing the first bout with Hosoi managed to gyrate his way up through the losers bracket, earning himself second place honors, while Tony Hawk grabbed the number three spot. All they got for their effort was a trophy. But that's because they are amateurs and they're not supposed to have money. Now on the other hand, there are the Pro's who do get money, and they were doing their damndest to get some. Bill Ruff, Steve Caballero, Duane, Dave Andrecht, Mike Smith, Fred DeSota, Al Losi and Mike Selgtried were the surviving gladiators in this ring of fiery sensationalism. It was not long ago that it was just a little two or three feet of air that made people think that there is no way that anyone could do any better, but we all know how wrong those people were.

Mike Selgtried was doing the strange looking limbo handplant extension variable maneuver, holding off the descent for as long as possible. Dave Andrecht came out of semi-retirement to skate this contest and he skated it mightily powerfully. At one point in the flow of eventfulness, Steve Caballero and Mike Smith had to skate against each other for progress sake and Steve ended up falling into the losers bracket. Steve, not one to be brushed aside so easily, clawed his way through the losers bracket to finish in the big number two spot and 150 bucks wealthier. Al Losi and Duane had a standoff and had to skate an extra round. Al, thinking that he was beat after two scored runs, retreated to the parking lot for who knows what. Then, when the scores were tallied, they were the same. Identical. So they had to call Al back from the lot and have a decision making tie breaker. As it turned out, Al prevailed and Duane did not.

Mike Smith was my pick to rip this contest to shreds, but I guess I was wrong. Not that he didn't shine as the rest of the skaters did, but it is just that only one guy can win this thing and it aint always who you want it to be. He would go into a handplant situation and just hold it there, twisting and contorting his body and then drop back in as if nothing happened. The crowd spurred him on, each time he came to this part of his routine and he would just hold it up there longer and contort more. It was great. Everyone loved it. For all of his efforts, Mike captured the third place spot and 100.00.

When you say Bill Ruff, you say, 'Fly like an eagle and leap like a panther'. Agressiveness and spunk. Bill commanded the whole scene that came down on this day and I think the judges knew it, or else they wouldn't of scored him into first place and into \$200.00 bucks. First place overall also went to Bill along with another \$100.00. Second overall and \$75.00 went Steve Caballero and thlrd and a gift certificate went to Duane.

I was pretty exhausted from being entertained so much in the last few days. I think I will try and get some R. & R. and then try and make it back home.

RESULTS

PRO AWARDS — BOWL

- 1 Bill Ruff \$200.00
- 2 Steve Caballero 150.00
- 3 Mike Smith 100.00
- 4 Allen Losi 50.00
- 5 Duane Peters gift cert.

PRO AWARDS — FREESTYLE

- 1 Steve Rocco \$150.00
- 2 Stacy Peralta 100.00
- 3 Mike Folmer 75.00
- 4 Bruce Logan 50.00
- 5 Bill Ruff gift cert.

OVER ALL

- 1 Bill Ruff
- 2 Steve Caballero
- 3 Duane Peters

AMATEUR AWARDS — BOWL

- 1 Christian Hosoi
- 2 Tony Magnusson
- 3 Tony Hawk

AMATEUR AWARDS—FREESTYLE

- 1 Brian martin
- 2 Lance Betson
- 3 John Gibson

OVERALL

- 1 Bob Serafin
- 2 John Gibson
- 3 Christian Hosoi



"Duane did something."



"Stacy skates the blues."

PORTFOLIO



Coping, a canyon, and side ramps, the Ranch had it all. Steve Krehn, fayback tail re-entry

The Ramp Ranch



Ranchesto Debbie McAdoo wheels off the top at the Ramp Ranch.

MIKE FOLMER

From 1978 to the present the Ramp Ranch had evolved into a heavy energy source. It began as a mere quarter pipe in Debbie McAdoo's driveway. It attracted what skaters still existed from the early days and those that were just beginning to really get into the sport. The ramp had it's faults, Jenny Byrd had built this ramp but hadn't achieved the "perfect curve" in the transition. Mike Tander who knew how to construct a perfect curve began to local out at Debbie's and motivated everyone into building a half-pipe. Everyone was stoked, continuous 'wall to wall' riding.

The first dimensions made up what was a perfectly round half-pipe. It had a 10' transition with 1 1/2' of vertical and featured coping and a death box for anyone who dared to gnarl. The shredding locals were a powerful group. They gave no slack to anyone who was the least bit a wheeze. So only heavy sessions went down. Heated summer days turned into blazing, jamming night sessions.

The locals picked up a name to intensify their feeling of authority and individualism. They called themselves the Rancheros and their chic was the Ranchesto. About this time they met up with another group of skaters from across town. The 'Decatur Boys' as they were known, had a good ramp set up and the Rancheros frequented their terrain often for some of the best sessions ever. This ramp had flat bottom, allowing for more time between tricks, so the Rancheros decided that they needed such a structure. The first attempt wasn't too successful because instead of totally rebuilding, they just did a half-ass job by pulling the transitions apart and laying down 8' of flat inbetween. But, finally the motivation came and the ramp was stripped down to the dirt.

The new ramp was a total stoke. Taking about two weeks to build, it had 13 feet of pure flat bottom, 8' transitions, 1 1/2' of vert, and measured 16 feet wide. The Ramp Ranch became a total energy source with skaters coming from all over the country, even Brazil, to session.

Then, just about eight months ago, it was time to stoke the ramp once again. It was expanded to it's ultimate 32 foot width. All other dimensions remained the same with a new feature, a 4' wide canyon, providing the final radical touch. The Ramp Ranch had become the 'ultimate' ramp and was one of the largest ever built for skating. Now, by this time most of the locals had been skating for about 6 or 7 years and their bodies were getting a little too abused from all this vertical sessioning. About this time some of the Rancheros had relocated to Florida or California.

So what about the Ramp Ranch? Well it was a way of life for many years and it will always be a good memory, but, it had to come down, it was the great ramp and it had it's day. It is a shame that more skaters didn't get their lines in at the Ranch, but skating is still happening. There will be others. There will be better ramps in the future, it just requires a little skill and a lot of motivation to build a killer ramp. Go For It!!!

Many good memories to all the rancheros...Mike Tander, Jenny Byrd, Tim Humphreys, Steve Krehn, Jay Tanler and to myself, Debbie McAdoo, the Ranchesto, a big thanks for letting it flow and allowing all that radicalness happen right in my own backyard. It was all worth it. But there's more to come.

DEBBIE McADOO



MIKE FOLMER

"The ultimate ramp", the Ranch featured rooms underneath the rollout decks and enough flat bottom to throw a party on.

Leaders 'take a spill' in final race

The Capitola Classic: Downhill at it's best



Paco Prieto out tucks Blackhart in this dash towards the finish.

R. CASELLI



Hutson 'checking traffic' while tightening up his fairing, leads Rick Fike through the bottom of the racecourse.

R. CASELLI



Bob Denike using the fairing helmet that he designed and built to full advantage.

R. CASELLI

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 6. THE DAY AFTER THE CAPITOLA CLASSIC

Here I sit in the Turbo Volvo Parnelli Andretti Special, somewhere on hiway 80, not near enough to Sacramento. The 'Starsky and Hutch' of the industry chose me in a 2 to one vote, to guard the deceased vehicle while they went in search of a rental car. I don't know how long they will be and my life is severely bummed.

I'm forced to write this scoop, on the Capitola Classic, under exterminating circumstances, that even I am unworthy of.

First, I was stranded in Del Mar, after the contest held there. It took me three weeks to finally make it back up north for Capitola. In these three weeks I managed to get arrested twice. Once for being a vagrant without a permit and the other time for jaywalking in front of a Police Station. Well, at least they gave me bread and water to sustain me through my captivity.

Finally I arrived in Capitola. I took liberties of relaxation, enjoyed the race and all the pretty girls. Now this morning, I get up really early, because there is an impromptu race in Sacramento and 'Starsky' is supposed to cover it. Randy Katen from Sacto, said that he has us set up with some 'white liars' and I figured, what the hell, I'm game. So I go. Then the damn vehicle decides that it doesn't want to go all the way to Sacto. We're late, it's hot in here and I'm way bummed. I don't deserve this.

Looking back on yesterday morning (early yesterday morning) it was cool out and it was heavily overcast. I had enough money in my pocket for a large cup of coffee. It was to be sufficient for the day.

I was hanging out around the course, observing the goings on as it was being set up. The course itself looked pretty challenging. It was slightly altered from the year before with the addition of a hairpin turn at the beginning. This made it more of a 'Gun Ho' type of start, meaning that if you didn't make the turn with the best line ahead of the competitor, you would have little chance of winning the heat.

Walking over to where the finish line and announcers bed was being set up, I looked at the official entry list to see who were the invited. The list numbered the top riders in the sport.

I was impressed with the expansive field of entrants. Some were high quality pool shreddies, while others were strict downhill speed practitioners.

If I remember correctly, this was to be the big duel between Hickey and Hutson. I was looking forward to this and I was pretty sure that Roger and John were pretty anxious as well.



Mike Goldman on the right line with Byron Miller looking to pass.

R. CASELLI



The crowd gathered at the finish for the post race ceremonies.

R. CASELLI

This was soon confirmed when up walked Roger. Exchanging greetings and what not, Roger told me of his enthusiasm and of his secret weapon. Intrigued, I asked him for the unveiling right then and there, but I think he was going for psyche effect and we retreated to a nearby, putridly fragrant, alleyway.

What I beheld was, what resembled to me, a helmet that the creature wore in the movie 'ALIEN'. Of course, it wasn't, but the concept was still there. It looked as if it would work and Roger had all the confidence in the world in his creation.

The competitive spirit was running rampant throughout the field of racers, with each one incorporating their own forms of psyche to prepare themselves for the competition. Speed suits were in use by many of the racers, with varying designs. Cliff Coleman's suit was a purplish tie-dye design, Caedmon Bear devised a set-up that was jet black with a full hood that covered his head as well as helmet. Different designs, different cuts, different colors; a parade of personality and talent.

Bob Denike was not to be outdone in this race. He came with his own personally designed fairing helmet, with the same concept and purpose as is Hickey's, but with slightly altered features. These instruments of speed are basically prototype material. This makes me wonder as to what the future may hold in store with more advanced models.

The racers were tense, I was nervous and my pen ran out of ink. Good thing the guy right next to me had one sticking out of his back pocket.

The rules for the race went like this, the race was run by the track referee, whose decisions were final and he didn't have the provisions for appeals. There were a bunch of things a rider could do to disqualify himself. He could miss a cone to get D.Q.ed, or he could not have his board in the starting box prior to the beginning of his match or qualifying attempt. He could fall off of his board and he could not be on his board when he crossed the finish line.

There was also a dress code in affect at this event. If a rider was wearing a speed suit, he didn't have to wear knee and elbow pads but, if he was wearing just shorts and a shirt, he had to wear the pads. All of the riders had to wear gloves and a helmet of approval. NO WETSUITS WERE ALLOWED, because last year, I was told that it was so hot that some of the riders who were wearing wetsuits, almost passed out. That means that if one of the riders passed out on one of the runs, he would fall off of his board and therefore be disqualified.

The practice runs for the riders had just commenced and I stood idly by and watched. It seemed that some of the riders had a little trouble negotiating the turn at the top, making their descent a little precarious. That turn was definitely going to be a factor in this race. The practice was just about

over when Duane decides to show up with his pal Barkley. They were allowed a little practice and then the contest was under way.

The racing started out with qualifying with the top 16 times being forwarded to the finals and the rest of the racers having to sit out after a skate session that had just cost them fifty bucks. The top one through sixteen were; John Hutson with the fastest time of 27.75, Cliff Coleman, Paco Prieto, Caedmon Bear, Perry Fisser, Byron Miller, Dave Wood, Roger Hickey, Bob Denike, Rick Blackhart, Mike Goldman, Rick Fike, Randy Katen, Tim Piumarta, Jack Smith, and Chris Pettyjohn whose time was 28.73.

As evidence reveals, Roger Hickey qualified in the eighth spot due to a technical difficulty he suffered earlier, re-injuring a game ankle, thus dropping his time back from the foremnners. This sure knocked the Hutson vs. Hickey downhill duel all to hell. Hutson, as it seemed had this day in the bag, but, down in the ranks, in the 9th qualifying spot was Bob Denike.

Bob, a San Jose local, is streetwise as all hell and presented John, a coastal local, with the tragic possibility of another defeat. Ah-ha! You see, there is a plot here to be thickened.

The first round eliminations were nothing less than eventful. Too eventful to even elaborate on. Hutson beat Pettyjohn, Coleman beat Smith, Paco beat Piumarta, Katen beat Caedmon, Fisser lost to Fike, Goldman lost

to Miller. Wood got beat by Blackhart and Denike upset Hickey.

Into the second round already and this raceful event was going by smoothly, without radical events of the prankish nature. This was probably due to the presence of Capitolas' finest beach variety copper. One of the Mister Machos was even sporting regulation shorts and Nike's.

Mr. Media Man, D.D. Morin was keeping the crowd informed as the up to the second information rolled in on the portable hand walkie talkie. Only until, when minutes later, the batteries ran down on the suckers and the course judges and starter had to rely on smoke signals, hand gestures, flags, couriers and the like to relay the important info back and forth, up and down the hill.

In this round Hutson went against Fike and in the outcome, Fike just didn't quite make it. Blackhart and Paco faced off, and on down the hill with Paco's fairing seemingly a little less resistant to the wind than Rick's, sending Paco straight into the next round. Cliff Coleman succumbed to Washington statesman, Byron Miller, and Randy Katen had trouble keeping up with Bob Denike.

I don't know who it was, but someone behind me in the crowd was saying, "...that there should be more of a challenge to this course, such as jumps and so forth. See if the strict downhillers really know how to skateboard. An all around skateboarder would more than likely have no problem negotiating the slight obstacles, but on the other hand, the guys who just go downhill and nothing else (not even kick-turns), might fall down and hurt themselves."

The person who was discussing this with some common dwid on the sidelines sounded to me like it was a slightly less than boisterous, Dr. Rick. Now I didn't actually see him saying this, nor did I see the dwid he was arguing with, but, what I did hear was of a particularly interesting note.

One guy wants ramps while the other guy doesn't because the course is challenging enough already. This is what I couldn't understand. This guy who was against the whole thing obviously wasn't a skateboarder. A skateboarder would never say that something is TOO challenging, unless he was just, 'sott-of' of skateboarder. I think the idea of some sort of variety to a course is not a bad idea at all. Lets find out who can SKATE, really FAST with control. After all, it couldn't be any worse than BMX.

The third round. Now it's down to four riders. John Hutson, Paco Prieto, Byron Miller and Bob Denike. The four top riders in the circuit today. If there are any better downhillers, they sure aren't here today.



Holding an edge coming out of the hairpin, Randy Katen leads Caedmon bear.



John Hutson, down the line to yet another downhill victory.

It's already about 11:00 and the racers are looking mighty flash for the survivalists that they are. It has been quite a workout and these cats hardly even show it. John Hutson and Paco charged after the start of their match and converged on the turn. It was pretty close most of the way, as far as I could tell at least. This lady was standing in front of me and I couldn't quite see around her. If you know what I mean. Anyway, I guess John kept ahead of Paco because I saw John walking back up the hill with a big wide grin on his face.

Next to hit the starting boxes were Byron Miller and Bob. The starter, K.T. [T-ED, the editor, TED], double checked his men on down the track for clearness when two roller skate Hodads loaded onto the track and hauled ass on down the course. I almost pegged one of them with a monkey wrench I had just happened to have with me for situations just like this. The corner judge, 'Big John', almost clotheslined the other one with the signal flag he just happened to be carrying. Regardless of our heroic efforts (in which I'm still awaiting a thank-you from the City Hall of Justice of Capitola), the suckers made it all the way down the hill, with 'Charles Atlas the Cop' hot on their tails. I hope he shoots out their wheels and gives those Haight-Ashbury types what they deserve, BATHS AND HAIRCUTS.

Meanwhile, back at the top: . . . Bob and Byron step into the starting boxes once again, the coast is clear, the racers are ready, they're off. Big strong pushes send them hurling towards the turn. Byron is slightly ahead and Bob has a fairly precarious stance but soon sucks himself into his tuck. Onwards down the hill, Bob closes in and slowly but steadily overcomes Byron for the win.

That leaves Paco Prieto and Byron Miller to harsh it out for the number three and four slots; and Bob and John to haggle it over for first and second.

The consolation round, as it was called (I couldn't figure this one out either. There wasn't anyone here to console, everyone got what they earned or deserved and that if they were going to cry about it and need consoling, then they could just go home.), was quick, sweet and to the point. Paco; a long time-all around type skater well versed in the arts of freestyle, pool terrorizing and full-on down-hill speed sensationalism; overwhelmed Miller and captured third.

Now was the moment of ultra-justice in the declaration of the winner of this scenic 'Monte Carlo' event of skateboarding. John Hutson, who was beaten not long ago at the Laguna Seca contest by Roger Hickey, was out to win and regain his title of the fastest guy on a skateboard. Bob Denike, a San Jose homeboy, was out to dethrone anyone who got in his way of eventual victory.

I was to notice one of the most tensely intense matches I have ever had the cause to behold. John and Bob took to the starting boxes and prepared for what was to come.

The signal came that the course was clear. All systems were GO. The pushoff feet hit the pavement in giant thrusts of forward projection. Bob dropped into the corner first, with John right on his tail. BUT SUDDENLY DISASTER STRUCK!! Bob lost traction on the turn and started to side-slide. OH NO, Bob hit the deck and John T-boned him. SMASH! Luckily though, no one was really injured. Technically, John had the win but, being the sporting type that he is, he agreed to go at it again. A quick equipment examination revealed that John had torn his speed suit. John wasn't going to let anything stop him. He was going to race with a torn speed-suit regardless of the implications.

Back in the starting boxes they shook hands and wished each other luck (but we know what they were really thinking). They were set. They were ready. The crowd was set. The crowd was ready.

They're off. Onto the first stretch and into the turn, it's Bob Denike with John Hutson trailing him like white on rice. Around the bend, it's still Bob Denike and John Hutson is still hanging in there close. At the second bend, Bob Denike staying out ahead by a half a body length, but wait. What is this? John Hutson is making his move. Coming out from behind around the outside. They're parallel. No wait. Bob is still in front, no, John, Bob. John is pulling away and is now two lengths in front of Bob. It looks like it is going to be John Hutson across the finish line first, and . . . and . . . it's John Hutson winning the Capitola Classic for 1981 with Bob Denike taking a well deserved second.

It looked to me that Bob Denike probably would've taken the whole thing if it wasn't for that fall at the top there on that first run. But I guess fate has its strange ways of telling the long time Pro's like John Hutson, that there is always going to be somebody around to beat you one time or another and it looks like Bob is one that John is gonna have to watch out for at the next Capitola Classic.

WELL, THAT'S IT. NOW HERE COMES STARKY AND HUTCH IN A TOW TRUCK. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT GOING TO SACTO AFTER ALL. OH WELL, IT PROBABLY WOULD'VE BEEN TOO HOT ANYWAYS. I GUESS WE HAVE TO GO HOME AND BE MELLOW. AND BEING MELLOW SURE AIN'T NO FUN.

—MOrizen FOche



Bob Denike, present and future threat.



Blackhart readies to blast out of the box.



To Protect and to Serve. Capitola's finest.

1981 CAPITOLA FINAL RESULTS

1. John Hutson	700.
2. Bob Denike	350.
3. Paco Prieto	250.
4. Byron Miller	150.
5. Rick Blackhart	100.
6. Rick Fike	75.
7. Randy Katen	60.
8. Cliff Coleman	50.

LOST IN LOS

plus **A TEXAN LOOKS PAST LYNDON
AND OTHER SHORT SUBJECTS**

by lowboy

....but it has nothing to do with skateboarding. Ah, yes, but of course life never does. I've got no chance, I've got no choice; it's six thirty and the sheriff is coming to evict me at seven. The phone rings, it's MOFO, erudite scion and overlord from the underground. The word is that the editor (aka Ted) will pay on delivery 50 dollars. I'm gone, problem

is, I've got to survive three days in L.A. and have to attend a Pro-Am contest debacle at Magic Mountain. This is really and I'm paying the price.

Outside of the pad I observe the man arrive. He is coordinating the 7 o'clock assault with my soon to be formerly infuriated landlady. It is now that I realize that life is exactly like skateboarding; you have to attack not react. The Sheriff is intent on eradicating the vermin/scum, and I'm obsessed with nailing the door shut from the inside. Now its out through the secret trap door in the floor and over the fence. As I skate down the block, I can see a small crowd forming around my former home.

"Better call the SWAT team, the suspect has barricaded himself inside, armed and dangerous."

The Car Wash: Day One

plus expenses that's the key....
I have no money yet Olson somehow expects me to front the bill. Bulkys talking expense account. It's a word Ted's never heard of. Mr. Olson decrees that I will treat all of the boys to the Keith Jock Dick concert at the Palomino club. I finally tell him to meet me at the stage door, knowing that I'll never show up.

We begin to session the wall in front of a car wash on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Good approach, brutal transition. Bulky is cracking one wheelers over the spine and making most. On the ones you lose, your stick goes through 8 lanes of traffic on the boulevard. We try to remain as invisible as possible, but the Nationals from the car wash put down their towels and begin to watch. Across the street even the working girls are picking up on the action. So do the cops....we leave satisfied, knowing that we have stopped traffic in a town that's seen everything.

Downtown: Day Two

Amidst thousands of Saturday afternoon shoppers, Rodney Mullen works on his freestyle routine. He really is just screwing around and killing time, but to the bored, jaded and faded in the downtown scene, it's epic entertainment. They are totally uncomprehending and completely amazed.

Deep in the heart of the southbay, Rocco practices pressing pants in the vortex of a dry cleaning establishment. He's really just working, but the moneys' not bad and the fumes aren't either.

Caballero's doing drop ins off a giant Coke bottle placed in the industrial zone. He's really just playing, but at Stevie's level it's always SERIOUS fun. There are no new moves reserved for pedestrians.



Olson cracking wheelers over the spine and making most.

Photography by—Stecyk



Rodney, 'He's just screwing around.'



Mike Smith, 'He knows the story because it's his plan.'



Folmer is out wining and dining a blonde starlet-type wearing pearls. This sophisticated stylshness is just a warm up.

Mike Smith is someplace else for some reason else. He knows the story because its his plan. He prepares his bizarre act of character transformations. Beyond conventional freestyle and moving through the 21st century; he realizes that few will understand, but he doesn't care.

By this time it's generally accepted that Magic Mountain will be a different sort of contest. The competitors are dictating their own terms. The question is: 'Will the prevalling structure be able to withstand the abuse?'

Infantile Paralysis at Magic Mountain

The first time I ever saw Lou Peralta, he was permanently kicking me and assorted other Dog Town and Z-Boy affiliates out of his skatepark in Reseda. The last time I saw Lou, he was kicking me and Rocco out of Magic Mountain for the crime of skating. I should probably thank him for doing me a favor both times. Actually, if you like the type, he's probably an O.K. guy. He decided to organize the sport a few years back and went out and did it. He's got his own park, mag and organization. Many criticize him for being the obvious headman, but he leads due to attrition rather than decree. (Many of his cohorts have dropped out along the way, leaving Lou.)

The Magic Mountain affair almost didn't happen due to the amusement park types decisive inaction. Things got so bad that according to rumor, one, L. Peralta had to threaten lawsuit to get the contest run on the already advertised dates. Thanks to Lou for defending the sport. No thanks to the Magic Mountain and their concept of controlled, contrived pay for play and pleasure. Folks, boring rapids, and other static, passive acts like the Mountains just don't make it, especially for 12 bucks a pop.



The Contest

The prime attraction was the Pro freestyle event. Particularly with such verticle crossovers as Smith, Caballero, Grisham, Dennis Martinez and Folmer'in contention.

The Site

A dance pavillion—a controversial choice due to the stain resistant top coating on the concrete floor. The coating made it too slick, which precluded some maneuvers and impaired many others. The pavillion offered good crowd visiblity and crowd control which is probably why it was chosen.

The Crowd

On an average Sunday, 30,00 plus visit Magic Mountain. The contest drew several hundred at the minimum consistantly. Add up the numbers and you get thousands, equalling a lot of exposure.

The Comments

RODNEY MULLEN:

"good crowd, O.K. Judging and poor surface."

STEVE ROCCO:

"The Judging was hysterical, the worst you did the better they scored you. Six months ago I told Lou to close off one of the streets in the park and have the contest there. I told him then, I knew he wouldn't listen. I was right, he didn't. I'd just like to see those Judges try to skate on this shitty surface."

REGGIE BARNES:

"Good energy and crowds, back east they don't have much going on like this, so it's good for a change of scenes. Lots of fun."

DENNIS MARTINEZ:

"I'm definately the most experienced guy here so I'm just doing it for fun. I don't care how I do. When you work seven days a week, you practice differently."

MIKE SMITH:

"Something didn't work, I was supposed to do better."

STEVIE CABALLERO:

"I'm stoked I beat Smith, the surface was beyond bad."

MIKE FOLMER:

"It was a good scene definately good exposure for the sport."

MIKE MILLS:

"Since there are so few freestyle contests, this was a good event. The judges were totally uninformed although the crowd response partially made up for it."



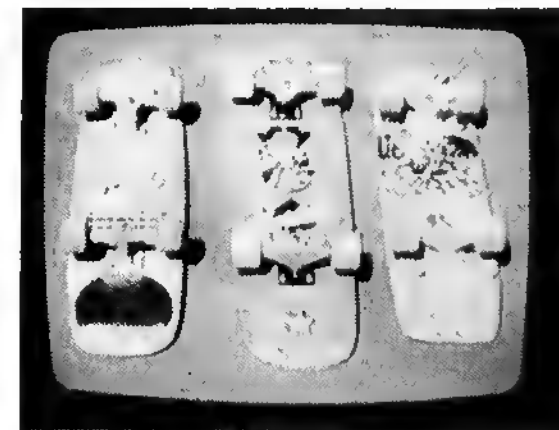
The Crime.



The punishment.

The Summary

On my way out, I ran into Downs. She was functioning as surrogate mother to the masses. I passed on being dad. An offer of some grade C was accepted. Seemed like a babies laxative. Doing it in the women's bathroom offered moderate interest as scores of Mexican Madonnas dropped their shorts. Downs had some disconnected rap she offered the other women telling them that I was her terminally retarded son. The substance helped me drool so it was a good ruse. Out in the parking lot I spotted Lou's truck. Someone had drawn a SWASTIKA on it with a magic marker. Another critic in amusement land.



WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ

THE BIGGEST BOYS ROLL

SO THE BIG BOYS WERE GONNA GET OUT OF TEXAS AND HEAD OUT WEST. NEW PLACES, NEW FACES AND MOST OF ALL, HUNDREDS OF MILES OF EXPLORABLE, HIGH POTENTIAL SKATEABLE TERRAINS. WE NOW JOIN THE BIG BOYS AS THEY ARE JUST LEAVING AUSTIN. STEVE, THE DRUMMER HAD SUDDENLY COME DOWN WITH THE DREDDED TREPPES DISEASE AND WAS UNABLE TO GO WITH THE BAND ON TOUR. A NEW DRUMMER HAD BEEN FOUND. FRED, A GUY WHO SURPRISINGLY LOOKED STRIKINGLY JUST LIKE STEVE, BUT NOT REALLY.

It was warm in the van and Tim asked as he rolled down the window for ventilation, "Chris, you've been driving now for six hours. How come we haven't stopped for gas yet?"

Puzzled about Tim's sudden concern, Chris looks at the gauge. Empty. Figuring that this would be as good a time as any to stop for gas, he pulls into the next available station just inside the city of Cisco. The van sputters to a dramatic spasmodic halt. Chris looks over to Tim and says, "How is that for timing?"

"That's what I like about you Chris, Precision."

Biskut and Fred decide that they are hungry, so they grab their sticks and split to scout out suitable concession possibilities. As they round the corner they stop dead in their tracks and stand in mute stokedness, staring at the sight before their eyes. A perfect six foot quarter-pipe wall, right in front of the Cisco Police Department.

Biskut reeled around and went to tell the rest of the Boys, and Fred thrust straight for the wall that was to be called 'PIGWALL'. Shooting straight up the wall, Fred tail-slammed into a perfect 180 backside and nearly hung up on the re-entry. Coasting back to the staging area, Fred met the rest of the Boys readying to hit it. First Biskut rode into a lengthy front side grinder, making the cinder chips fly like shrapnel. Then Tim smoked off a squirrelly rock-roll slider. Now it was Chris' turn. He shot forward and muscled up the wall, but half way up the wall was confronted by an armadillo who just popped up from the other side. Chris

had to think really quick and be nimble, so he haired out a frontside ollie right over the armadillo. Skating back up, he exclaimed, "That thang scered the tar out of me."

The armadillo was up on its hind legs and seemed to be really stoked. Just then, about five cops came around the corner and surprised the sessioners and the armadillo. The latter bailed from the wall and headed up the way, towards the Boys and startled the law onto their ammo-belts.

The Big Boys, sensing that it wasn't too hip to skate here, figured that they should go. So they waited on the pavement, fired up the tourvan and pointed it towards California.

It wasn't until fifteen minutes out of the city limits that anyone spoke.

"We didn't even get anything to eat," Fred reflected on his original intentions.

"Who cares about that?" Tim said. "We could've been finished before we even got started."

Everyone sat silent, realizing this fact. Then Biskut sounded off, "Yeah, but we didn't get caught."

The van vibrated with laughter for a few moments and then became quiet as the rear windows lit-up in the cherry red traditional 'BUST' color. The Boys felt doomed.

The Trouper was cool and let the gang off with a light scolding. They were soon on down the road, contemplating transitional environments and California beetles. A raucous in the rear of the van brought all back to reality. A quick search and seizure ensued. "HOLY CATS, what have we got here?" Fred said as he reached into

his bass drum. From the tail he held up the armadillo that they had met earlier.

"How'd that get in here?" Biskut laughed.

"Must've followed us in, back there in Cisco," Tim offered.

"We can't keep the damn thing. It's a wild animal. It'll kill us in our sleep," Chris said, turning back briefly from his driving detail.

Biskut came back with, "Oh mellow out Chris. It won't hurt you. It must of belonged to someone because it's got a little gold chain around its neck."

Fred put it down and it began to jump around checking out everything in the van. The band immediately agreed to keep it as the tour mascot until they got back.

They arose at a name. The decision was to call it Cisco, after the name of where they found it. Fred soon had Cisco doing roll overs and clapping his hands. Then Cisco would roll up into a ball and want someone to toss him in the air. He'd do this by tugging on their clothing and rolling around at their feet.

WHAT AN ADVENTURE. PRECISION DRIVING, PERFECT WALLS, KEESTERED COPS AND ARMADILLOS, WHAT COULD HAPPEN NEXT? SOMETHING GOOD? ARE THE BIG BOYS READY FOR CALIFORNIA? BETTER YET, IS CALIFORNIA READY FOR THE BIG BOYS AND CISCO?

—MOFO



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GLOSSARY OF SKATE TERMS

Minor leagues - lightweight, wimpy, unimportant.

Wennebee - to crave a certain life-style or social status. One who 'wants to be'.

Swivel neck - a giddy, spring headed, nervous type of character. Wired up.

Dimentie - completely mad, insane, or otherwise out of this world.

Pummel - skating to the fullest, with no regard for equipment or skating surface. As in "We pummelled that pool until the coping started to fly off."

ASK THE DOCTOR

The Thresher crew would like to welcome the addition of Dr. Rick Blackhart to our distinguished staff of skateboard specialists. Beginning next month, Rick will head up his own department as our in-house consultant and soothsayer for deranged skaters. For those of you who may not remember, Rick was the infante terrible who stormed down from Northern California in '76 to take the skating world by surprise with his outrageous antics in and out of the pool. Now an avid downhill specialist, Dr. Rick is here to answer all of your questions concerning skateboarding, women, fast motorcycles... or just about anything you'd like to throw at him.

Address all correspondence to: Ask The Doctor c/o Thrasher Magazine, P.O. Box 24592, San Francisco, California 94124.

Blackhart, Los Altos pool, circa 1976.



ON BOARD

FOGTOWN SKATEBOARD CONTEST

August 30, 1981

San Francisco has always boasted a hardcore contingency of skateboarders and that's exactly who showed up for the First Foggtown Skateboard Contest held in Golden Gate Park. Hosted by Rainbow skates with some help from Thresher, the contest featured dual slalom, freestyle and a half-pipe ramp. Skaters from all over the Bay Area, including seasoned veterans such as Peter 'kiwi' Gifford, Rick Blackhart, Joe Woodman and Dave Griddle came to help out and participate.

Special thanks go out to Powell/Peralta, G&S Skateboards, Independent, Gremic Skateboards of Los Gatos and Variflex for donating prizes. The Bay Blazers for the use of their ramp, KSJO Radio, and all the help from the Rat Pack Foggtown Shredders.

RESULTS SLALOM

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 12 & under | 17 & over |
| 1. Luis Cruz | 1. Joe Woodman |
| 2. Pietot Alcala | 2. Rick Blackhart |
| 13 through 16 | 3. Don Fisher |
| 1. David Volz | 4. Jim Suzuki |
| 2. John Pietkiewicz | |
| 3. Richard Lind | |



Kevin O'Connor blazed.

STREETSTYLE FREESTYLE

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Luis Cruz | 1. Keith Butterfield |
| 2. Pietot Alcala | 2. Jim Thornberg |
| 3. Mike Johnson | 3. Eric Hillton |

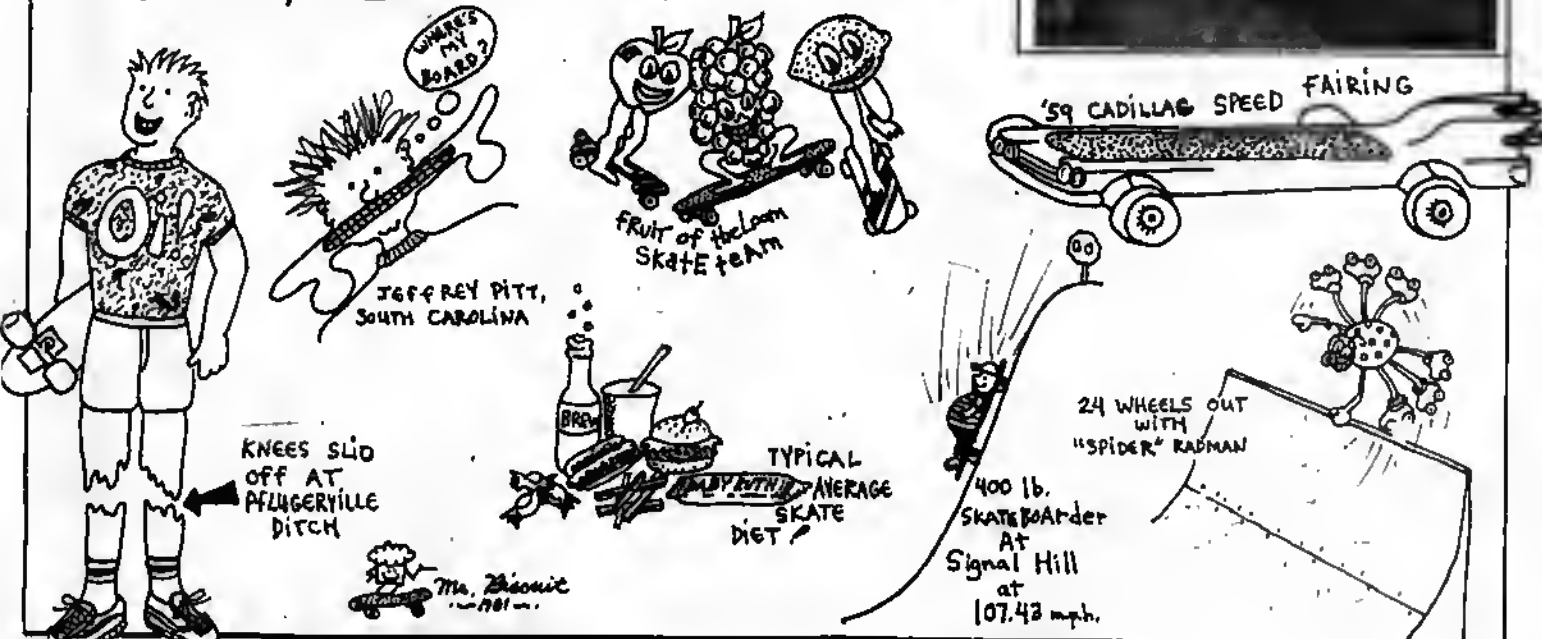
HALF-PIPE

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 13 through 16 | 17 & over |
| 1. Norris Clawson | 1. Peter Gifford |
| 2. Tommy Guerrero | 2. Kevin O'Connor |
| 3. David Volz | 3. Gary Boodt |



Kiwi tip-toed to first.—K.T.

Odd moments in Skate Boarding



FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Eddie Cochran

ROBERT GORDON
IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE
Rock Billy Bop



"ROCKABILLY RUMBLE ON THE WEST SIDE... SWITCHBLADE KNIVES IN A FIRE-FIGHT..."

Are these the words of a youths confusion with a society he finds that he can't fit? It seems so as stated in these lyrics from a song by San Franciscos' 'No Alternative,' a Rockabilly band.

But what is Rockabilly? Where did it come from? What do they want?

Rockabilly is rock'n'roll. Back in the far-off decade of 1950, there was a union of two different styles of music (sort of a North meets South, Chicago meets Nashville, Ray Charles meets Hank Williams fusion). The music of this time period was mostly geared towards the adult set with topics of divorce and heartbreak. None of this really dealt with the youth of the times, and so some of those concerned with what was happening, stood up and refused to be ignored any longer. Somewhere in this joining of styles and amidst very undefined boundaries that glistened with the sweat of REBELLION, Rock'n'Roll, the bastard child of this music relationship, was born.

The foundation of ROCK, as we know it today, was set back then, with the incorporation of a snare drum, upright bass and an electric guitar (Guld 'Country Gentleman') to make up the very minimal, rhythm sound that became synonymous with the movement of the day.

Elvis Presley was the most commercially successful out of a number of singers of the time who evolved what they themselves called 'Country Rock.' Since then it has come to be called Rockabilly.

Jerry Lee Lewis, Eddie Cochran, Carl Perkins, Buddy Holly, early Johnny Cash, Gene Vincent and Conway Twitty among others formed a long line of romantic, rebel crooners, who typified this style and made it into a major part

of American popular music by the late 50's. Raw up-tempo rhythms and a rebellious stance, combined with a growing youth culture of D.A.'s and Leatherettes, established Rockabilly as a popular form of American youth culture.

With the deaths of Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly and Big Bopper combined with the resurgence of the Beatles, Rockabilly faded from the American airwaves. Although in Europe, Rockabilly still remained popular with the youth.

Rockabilly went practically unheard in America until Dave Edmunds, in the early 70's, released 'I hear you knockin', a tasteful ditty that reached a high status in popularity amongst the AM set. Nowadays he has taken to producing some of the rising stars of the new Rockabilly resurgence. Stray Cats and Shakin Stevens are two examples.

The Rockabilly mode of then and now involved cult heroes (James Dean, Marlon Brando, etc.), fast cars, look good, die young form of thought. Waterfall poms, long-cut coats or leather jackets, black denim trousers and motorcycle boots were the dress code and drinking beer, raising hell and chasing women were the standards of activity followed loosely by the Rockabillyites along with the "I don't care as long as I got my guitar and my baby," attitude.

A recent emergence of Rockabilly bands has brought about a new awareness of the sound and style of the forefathers of Rock'n'roll. This new contingency, although drawing heavily from the originals, have created their own heavier sound, relying on occasional power chords instead of the familiar do-WOPS. More often than not, contemporary themes have replaced the more romantic "Baby let's play house" themes of the former. The new guard emerges with the same arrogant stance common to their PUNK coun-

terparts, but with a firmer grasp of their roots. An angry chorus of street toughs, chanting, "GO CAT GO!!," as their battle cry, exemplifies this. The bands of late have a keener sense as to where they're going if compared with the punk bands. This in part is so as not to be labeled a nostalgia or cover band. Proof can be found in such club bands as San Franciscos' Silvertone and No Alternative; L.A.'s Jimmy and the Mustangs, Keith Joe Dick and forerunners; New Yorks' Stray Cats; (whose sold out shows are attended by hep cats and kittens clad in bolo ties and hoop skirts boppin to the sound that was and will be) hold the banner for the generations of youths gone wild in the streets. Scotland offers the Shakin' Pyramids while out of England hail the Blue Cats and Pole Cats. The Revillos and Meteors release intense Cyclebilly, a sort of, "Wild Rockers from Hell" type of sound.

There are some good albums to get for the 'Hep' sound for instance, Elvis the Sun Sessions. If unfamiliar with Elvis it is best to listen to this recently released album of his pre-Army days. A little research and record bin digging will provide one with any number of classic cuts by such artists as Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, Jerry Lee Lewis, Buddy Holly and Roy Orbison, none less deserving than Elvis. These artists have all left their mark in the rock'n'roll kingdom.

The Shakin' Stevens 10" NuDisk contains the classic Blasters hit, 'Marie Marie.' Steven's music is a good example of Englands' commitment to Rockabilly during the late 60's and 70's.

Dave Edmunds—'Get It' showcases some of the early American Rockabilly Songwriters.

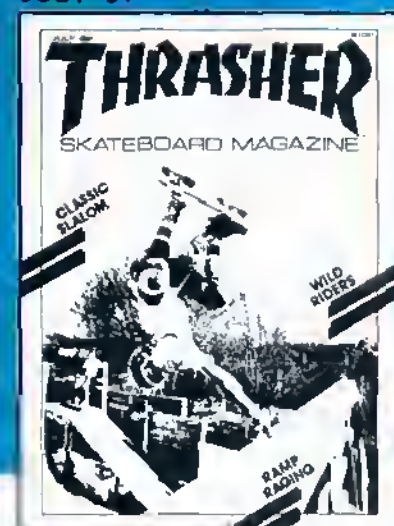
Rockabilly is gaining popularity mostly due to the recent demands of the dance revolution. The need for a rawer, more danceable gut-level bop sound. All this is proof that some things are better off, not left alone.



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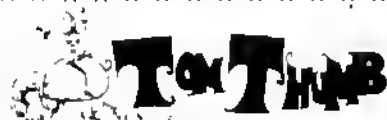
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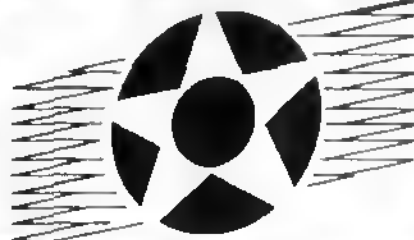
WHAT NEXT?

The recent Tracker/Del Mar Pro/Am Contest, held on August 15 and 16, was the scene for some pretty avant garde banked freestyle action. Although the freestyle event was won hands down by veteran trickster, Steve Rocco, some of the more vertical oriented skaters put on quite a show out on the banks. (Clockwise from top) Stevie Caballero extends a handplant off a mellow banked wall. Neli Blender stretches a footplant high above the skating surface. Finally, Eric Grisham executes the maneuver of the weekend, an El Rollo Neck Plant. Where will it end? Photos by Jim Goodrich.



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